A Cemetery for Pets

THERE is an animal cemetery in Montevideo, Uruguay, where elaborate monuments are dedicated to monkeys, dogs, cats, parrots and other pets. It is elaborately laid out and one of city's points of interest.



Fiction Page



The First Reigning Woman

QUEENS have occupied prominent places in history of world, but their power has not always been commensurate with their titles. The first woman with sovereign authority was Semiramis, Queen of Assyria.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER - By Ruby M. Ayres

A Seeker of Thrills Finds Himself Mistaken for Another and Thereby Becomes Enmeshed in a Maze of Love and Mystery.

(Continued from Saturday.)

answer; he, too, was looking toward the cottage. He was conscious of a queer sort of eagerness to meet Fernie again; he was curious to see what sort of a home the man had, and what

As they neared the opposite bank they saw that Fernie was standing at the open door, his slouched hat pulled down over his

moving, until the punt entered

made a clumsy sort of attempt to raise his hat to Anne. "You're welcome to come in, Miss Harding, and shelter."

"You're welcome, and I'ye got a fire in the kitchen," was his only answer.

The Fortune Hunter was already on the bank, and he held out his hand to help Anne ashore. Her fingers felt cold in his, and he kept them in his hand for a moment till she drew them away.

got a head on him like a young

Apollo. Of course, he'll turn out

to be an egotist divine instead of

the other way round as we usu-

In her gray cloth and moleskin

wrap, Annette Fuller, a charming

widow, made a picture to com-

pletely satisfy any eye, and it was

no wonder that the bass and

tenor moved to greet her at the

"A new preacher? Who is he?"

"I didn't catch his name. He's

from up East and much too hand-

some, as I remarked before, to

The deep, sonorous tones of the

organ sounded and the four sing-

ers began ascending the steps that

led to the choir loft. Annette Ful-

ler took her place and looked

down casually into the pulpit just

below. The new preacher was

looking around at her, and when

he smiled at her, she felt a throb

of genuine emotion. The man

was Bob Martin, whom she had

adored for all the years of her

youth. Bob Martin, who had been

a devil-may-dare and a devil-may-

care sort of chap and a frightfully

clever philanderer among the girls

He had courted her with all the

wiles of a finished lover-she had

been eighteen and modeling clay

in his firm, smooth, heart-snatch-

There was a note of eager interest

in Annette's soft voice.

prove entertaining."

same time.

of her set.

ally say it, a divine egotist."

to the cottage together.

"Shouldn't be surprised; the wind's in the right quarter," was the laconic answer. He went ahead of them and opened the door wider; he seemed to be deliberately avoiding the Fortune

Hunter's eyes. "It's a small place, but you'll find it clean," he said in the same disinterested fashion.

with a bright fire burning in the grate and a chair drawn up close

Anne, looking around with apprehensive eyes, noticed the orderly array of china on the dresser and the freshly scrubbed floor, and she felt vaguely sur-

ding, and warm yourself." Fernie said more affably, as she shivered; for the first time he-looked at the Fortune Hunter, and added. hesitatingly: "I don't know that I can offer you a change of clothes, Mr. Smith"—his eyes scanned the Fortune Hunter's wet shirt. "But perhaps you're used to weather of all sorts," he added.

"I am! Weather never troubles me!" the Fortune Hunter answered. He shook the rain drops from his hair, and dried his wet

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY

THE FORTUNE HUNTER-Youthful tramp, who appropriates the pocketbook and identity of John Smith whose body he discovers in the woods. ANNE-Beautiful heiress, who loves The Fortune Hunter, believing him to be John Smith, exconvict, who wooed and won her ten years before

the opening of the story. TOMMY-Ward of Mr. Harding, a crippled boy, whose life The Fortune Hunter saves, thereby of the pewter pots. gaining entrance to the Harding household.

DR. HARDING-Uncle of Anne, a shrewd country gentleman. FERNIE-A prying trouble maker, friendly to

ed the window, and, glancing out, he saw that the river was blurred and almost hidden from view in driving mist. "We could almost have been home by now," Anne said ungraciously, though in her heart she was grateful for the warmth and shelter. She leaned forward, holding her hands to the flames, her eyes still wandering curiously around her.

There were none of the many curios visible, of which Tommy had spoken so often with such enthusiasm. The kitchen was almost bare in its tidiness. An old print of the Balaclava Charge hung over the high mantleshelf, on which stood a clock and a couple of pewter mugs, one of them filled with paper spills.

"Who does your work for you,

"My work? Do you mean who

The Story of an Adventurer, Who, Finding a Body in the Woods, Had the Identity of the Dead Man "Wished Upon" Him.

hand and took down the framed + Smith," he said in his dry, slow portrait of a woman which had been pushed rather to the back of the shelf and hidden by one

It was an old-fashioned photograph, and the woman, who was young-not more than five and twenty-wore her hair dressed in the style of thirty years ago. FERNIE'S WIFE.

Her dress was old-fashloned, too, with a tightly-fitting bodice. many buttons, and a high, frilled

The Fortune Hunter stood staring at it, the color draining slowly from his face; he seemed to have forgotten everything but the portrait he held in his hand, till Fernie moved up, and stood beside

"You seem interested, Mr.

"Yes-" the Fortune Hunter started, looked up dazedly at the old man, and back once more to the portrait.

"A pretty face, ch?" Fernie said fronically. "Is that what attracts your notice. Mr. Smith?'

"Yes-no," the Fortune Hunter answered incoherently. And then "Who is it? Who is she?" he asked jerkily.

Old Fernie laughed dryly; then he pointed to the pictured face with the stem of his pipe.

"She was my wife!" he said. say was, because she left me thirty years ago, and I reckon I was more pleased to get rid of her than she was of me."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

DESSERT LOVE

BEING THE STORY OF A FRIVOLOUS GIRL

She Was Engaged to a Learned Man and Got a Few Hints from a Solicitous Old Maid

By Lily Wandel.

ment present," Mathilda Jennings said very gravely and placed a heavy package, suspiciously like a book, in Fritzie's silken lap.

Fritzie gave a polite little cry of joy and declared, "I hope it's a book because I've just finished this one," holding up a gay little volume; "havé you read it, Mathilda? 'Fluffy's Flivver?' I'm just aching for a new book!" She untied the wrappings and thought, "Gracious, what a heavy big book!" And then exclaimed politely, "What a pretty binding! What's the title?" "An Appreciation of Old and Modern Art!"

Fritzie looked at Mathilda in be-Mathilda took one of Fritzie's pretty little hands in her own capable ones. "Fritzie, have you thought that this life isn't all

lightness and pleasure, that it isn't one continual eating of dessert? Have you ever considered seriously the man you are soon to marry? A wonderful man, an exceptional man, a connoisseur of art, a collector of rare paintings, a lecturer on art whose eloquence holds great audiences."

"And isn't it wonderful that I'm going to marry him!" thrilled Fritzie.

"You are very pretty.' It didn t sound like a compliment, more like a scanty catalogue of her attractions. "Fritzie, prepare yourself. Dip into this book and partake of some of its knowledgesome day you'll be glad. A man may tire of sweets." "Oh, but it's so tiresome."

Fritzie frowned at the heavy vol-

"Your line of talk is very nice may come along whose conversation has real meat in it, those rare bits that appeal to an intellectual man like your Oswald.'

When Mathilda had gone Fritzie allowed the heavy book to slip from her lap. "What on earth does an old maid like Mathilda know about men?" she asked herself. "Nothing," she yowned. "Let's see, what'll I wear for dinner tonight? Oswald is coming. Oh, and mamma's invited some old thing for herself, a Mrs. What's-her-name."

Mrs. What's-her-name proved to be a Mrs. Berry and a very beautiful red, ripe berry she was. As soon as Fritzie saw her she said to herself, "She's the kind that'll try to monopolize the conversation!" And Fritzie was right.

She proved to be a portrait painter and a very brilliant conversationalist. Fritzle felt a little out of things and had the mortifying feeling that Oswald was doing his best to include her in the dinner conversation.

Directly after the coffee Fritzle excused herself-she must run

Then after awhile a smile of relief curled on her little mouth. She knew Oswald better than Mathilda did. He was the kind whose brilliancy needed a good listener-not a parallel talker like Mrs. Berry. He did not need advice and understanding, but admiration and adoration. And this

Without her, Fritzie to be the listener, she was very sure that their brilliant conversation would not be nearly as satisfying. Fritzie laughed happily. Oh, if mainma would only be called to a committee meeting so that Oswald and Mrs. Berry would have to entertain each other! How they would weary each other-in less than ten minutes the conversation

would lose all that fine aniastion! Perhaps Mathilda would help her to get rid of mamma for a

Twenty minutes later Fritzie tiptoed around the house to the vine-covered side porch where she knew Oswald and Mrs. Berry were sitting. Fritzle could hardly suppress a giggle, for she im-

Oswald chewing savagely on his 66T'VE brought you an engagecigar and Mrs. Berry sulky, both longing for an appreciative audience. Fritzie tiptoed nearer; she heard animated voices, Oswald's

> in particular. She listened. "There's real meat in what you said, Mrs. Berry, and that's what a man likes to hear. Now in my cubist lecture- ' Fritzie did not wait to hear any

Fifteen minutes later in the arbor Fritzle felt a hand on her shaking shoulder. She turned her head, tore her shoulder away and faced Oswald.

A very stern-eyed man looked down in her tear-stained face. "What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means," burst out Fritsie in a high, shaky voice, "that I'm tired of being your dessert-love!"

"Dessert-love!' Oswald burst into such a hearty laugh that Fritzie, torn by unhappiness, felt it an added insult.

"Yes, dessert-love! The sickening little sweet stuff one takes a bit of and-and-go on-you know you like meat and-" Frit-"le's sobs choked her.

Oswald was a connoisseur art, but he likewise knew a great deal about women. He sat down, drawing a protesting Fritzle on his knee, and taking out his nicely folded linen handkerchief wiped away the salty tears and finished by kissing the blue eyes and trembling little mouth.

"It is true, Fritzie, I like meat but it is dessert that I love. Don't you know that I have met and known all kinds of women? Women whose conversation was full of meaty bits, and others gent as a nicely made salad. But I've waited and longed for the dessert! Call it dessert love, if you wish, but you must admit that it comes last. For who would have dessert before the

meat and salad?" She slipped one arm around his neck, sighing happily. "But Fritzie, gravely, "to me it is not dessert-love at all, but the sweet and real love that comes just once in a lifetime, the sweetness and goodness that a man wants in his wife-that goes to make every-day life happy. And, as man to woman, Fritzie, that heavy stuff is all business and I don't give a hang if you understand my busines or not-but I

Fritzie cuddled down happily. but way back in her brain there was a very determined thought. She was going to study Mathilda's book-never again would she have the mortifying experience of having Oswald make an effort to include her in the conversation.

de want you to understand me!"

RETIRING

Entire Stock and Fixtures to Be Sold by July 1st

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. Copyright, 1922, by The Wheeler you think?" the Fortune Hunter Syndicate, Inc.

HE Fortune Hunter made no greeting he would give them.

eyes as usual, smoking placidly. He watched them without

the waterway leading up past his cottage: then he knocked the ashes from his pipe and sauntered leisurely down the bank. "A sudden shower," he said; he

"There's really no need," she answered hurriedly. "We're so wet now that we might as well go straight home."

arms on his handkerchief.

Tommy. FOSTER-A rival for Anne's favor. It was a diminutive kitchen,

"Pull up to the fire, Miss Har-

tion:

She asked an impulsive ques-

slowly. CHAPTER XXVII. A Portrait.

The Fortune Hunter met Anne's police.

challenging smile. "You'd be surprised if you knew all the romantic stories that have followed me to Somerton, Mr. Fernie," he said confidingly. once made a fortune, or tried to.

"The latest of them is that I by running a gambling hell, in the company of some dark-eyed houri, who, I suppose, is credited with having acted as decoy for He laughed and looked down at Anne, but she had turned her face away and was staring

slow way. "I've heard a few myself, Mr. Smith." say!" the Fortune Hunter an-

swered good temperedly. "I don't blame you! Any of you! After come in a sleepy village like this! It gives people something fresh to talk about.

weeks ago is still something we're

Hunter. "Well, I'm not so sure people have thought them all done

He strolled over to the window and looked out at the pouring rain. "I'm affaid you'll have to stay for a bit," he said again. "It's going to rain for an hour or more yet."

get home! Uncle will wonder where we are; he knows we went on the river. ' "Mr. Harding will know you're

Anne turned. "Oh, but we must

"That's the worst of our English weather, you know, Mr Smith," he went on. "You can never depend on it! Fine one minute. And like this the next! A

the Fortune Hunter answered dryly. "I once spent a winter up The Fortune Hunter was wan-

dering round the room restlessly.

"I think ft's clearing up a bit,"

Anne turned her head, and saw that he was staring at something on the mantelshelf above her head with a look of blank amazement and incredulity in his eyes. She followed his gaze apprehensively.

He did not answer, seemed not

asked

A LOVER'S SUBTERFUGE STORY OF TWO WHO HOPED TO MARRY And How the Girl's Idea That Money Was an Open Sesame to Happiness Received a Shock.

By A. M. Crawford 66TT LOOKS like the very hand of fate, Floyd. You're probably laughing, but to me that is exactly what it seems to be. I do love you. I want you to know that, but if you had been one of a family of five girls and had seen your mother struggle to try to give them the best she could, if you had seen her scrimp and save and get along on nothing for herself year after year, you would be careful about-about having the same experience. For marriage, more often than not, does mean children." Jean flushed painfully. "I'm telling you all

this because I want you to see the situation from my standpoint." "I'm trying," said the browneyed young fellow, quietly. "Now, in Pittsburg! Fate, you called it.

"Well, this-this love of ours. You keep talking of an early marriage. You're awfully young, and you have just started out in the business world. You're a rising young architect, of course; but just now you're an employe of old Mr. Bartlett, and it is a known fact that he never pays princely salaries to beginners."

"A hundred and fifty a month-"The Goodsons are rich. While I am visiting them I will likely be thrown in with well-to-do men. If one of them should like me well enough to propose marriage, and he's a straightforward, manly sort of fellow, I'm going to think a

long time before I turn him down." "As you're turning me down," Floyd reminded her gently. "But remember, I haven't given up hope. That springs eternal, you you have laid your cards on the stringing me along until something better appears. In other

words we're both free." That made Jean wince a little. It was a fine thing to be free herself, but it was quite another proposition to regard handsome Floyd in the same light. But she was a determined girl and she put the unpleasant thought out of her

The night before she left she had to fight her emotions all the time Floyd was calling on her because she was afraid that she was going to break down at the last minute. He handed her a jeweler's box. "My little gift toward the grand splurge in Pittsburgh," he told her.

she gave a little cry of rapture. A gold mesh bag with chip diamonds and sapphires in the clasp lay shimmering against the white satin lining. "Ob, Floyd, dear, it must have cost a whole month's salary! You ought not to give it to me." What he said then hurt worse

than anything else about the parting. "I may have all of my salfor whom I want to spend it."

to want you to love me for my Pittsburgh. She was whisked from one function to another Boxes of gorgeous flowers every morning. of happiness splashing down her to have heard, but he put up his | So much candy that she began

thrills of Cinderella. Then on Sunday she sent a special delivery letter to Floyd, who had strictly obeyed his promise not to write a line to her while she was gone. "Have mother wire for me to go home," read the startling sentence

mailing it home to the girls. For

the first few days she knew the

at the beginning of her special. Monday night, just one week from the time she had left, a very different Jean rolled into the little station. She put up her face for his kiss like a little child when Floyd entered the coach a mile

from town, at the pump station.

She held to his arm convulsively

while he carried her two bags. She was apparently so bewildered that she failed to notice that he helped her into a brand new oadster. When she did become conscious of the car, she said: 'I'm so glad that you borrowed a car to meet me. Let's drive a bit before we go home. There are some facts I want to tell you."

"Are you still-still free?" He nodded an assent. "I was so-so happy at first. The luxuries and attention went to my head like wine. Then I began to see things and to hear things that made me suspicious. The Goodsons aren't happy at all. She's rather young and very beautiful. He's old a sort of tragic figure to me a gray old man, hair and heart, too-gray,

because the life has gone from it. "She's in love with another man and she-she tried to make her husband think she was jealous of him-even with me-her guestbecause she wants to be rid of him, wants some real reason to cause the break between them. She's in love with his young part-

"Money, the only thing I thought brought happiness, more than anyanything else-it has only brought idleness and time for discontent in that case. Poor little mother, turning old clothes, dyeing them, scrimping, saving-she's been happier doing it for us than that rich woman has been in all her shackled life. You aren't saying anything, Floyd! Are-are you glad I'm back?"

"Glad!" " He put his foot on the brake and slowed the car down to a standstill, there in the sweet, fragrant darkness. "Did you find that rich young husband, Jean?"

"Yes, before I left here," she laughed happily, and quite shamelessly invited his kiss again. "Keeping on wanting me for ever and ever, Floyd. I almost choked that first night away from you. When it came 8 o'clock and no Floyd I knew then that I could never run away from my love for you. It's as fixed as the stars."

"Dear," he said, with a little catch in his voice, "we are going to be able to manage without that, to do very well for our family. Dad left me a comfortable fortune, but I came away from my home town and settled here because I wanted to go on my own, as you once said, and not on family name and money. "I wouldn't tell you before, be-

she's always been denied-" .

over to Matilda for a moment (she lived next door); it would not take a minute. But instead she raced through the moonlit garden to the old arbor where Oswald had proposed and flung herself down. trembling with anger and mortification. Was Mathilda right, after all?

Mrs. Berry, she was exactly like

half hour.

Za very Merry Christmas and wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year. NASH Hurley Motor Co.

Mr. Fernie?' A sudden gust of rain had lash-"Is the rain going to last, do A CASE OF **MISTAKEN**

66 T EW preacher today!" was drifted on time's broad bosom until one tragic day, when the startthe news the tenor offered to Annette Fuller ling announcement of his engagewhen she entered the little room ment to a girl in New York. back of the choir loft where the where he was in college, had been singers in old St. John's were asflashed to the home town papers. sembling a few minutes before Annette managed a friendly lit-10:30 one crisp Sunday morning. tle smile in return and then "Wish I could skip out while he's looked down devotedly at her hymnal, refusing to meet his chap, six feet, broad of shoulder, searching eves any more.

The regular pastor of St. John's introduced the Rev. Robert Martin and told of his eloquence that had made him an outstanding figure in the Episcopal Church -fold, too, that during the late war he had been decorated for his magnificent service to his colleagues.

With not the tiniest flutter of the pulse to remind her that he had once been sun and moon and stars to her fervid young imagination. Annette sat quietly listen ing to every word of Bob's. And no awkward, untrained theological student ever preached as poor a sermon as Bob Martin preached that day. His vocabulary, instead of being enriched

by study, seemed to have been taken away. She was running down the steps to avoid speaking when the tenor, his watchful eve on her every minute, joined her. "Didn't I tell you that a chap with a face and figure like that

couldn't preach?" By that time they had reached Annette's sedan, parked near the chapel door, and the tenor was gallantly assisting her into it. expecting, of course, to be asked to ride home with her, when Bob Martin pushed him aside and with the well-remembered bravado of youth, coolly asked if she could give him a lift to the hotel

"Is your wife with you?" An

By A. Maria Crawford. † ing hands-and their affair had +

"I've never thought of any woman as my wife except you," came the amazing answer. "Did you ever hear anything as terrible as my sermon this morning, just when I had hoped to do my setting the happy plans of my

when the news of your marriage The car drew up under the porte

andirons. Still wordless, both of

morning?" He took one of her hands in his, and, to her amazement, his was trembling violently. "When a visiting committee from St. John's waited on me in New York and asked me to come here to preach

today, on trial, I felt almost forci-

"When you entered the choir loft and I turned instinctively and saw you there, I knew why I was to come. When you sang like a nightingale, I tried to focus my thoughts on my sermon, but I could think of nothing but the happy fact-Annette is here. I am going to talk with her again. Think what it would mean to me to live in the same city with you. to see you, to hear you sing-and now, because of that awful sermon, I've lost my golden opportunity unless-" he leaned nearer nearer-"unless I can persuade you to go with me-on my mission

of life-anywhere." Annette did not answer that. Instead, she asked another question, "Why didn't you marry that girl in New York, Bob?"

"So," he said, "you've forgotten everything. That was another Bob Martin whose engagement was announced in our little home paper. New York is a big place, Annette. There are many Bob Martins there."

own hasty marriage. Peter had

been dear to both of them.

The telephone on a little stand

nette, poised, self-possessed, turn ed to inquire when they were on their way. "Is she at the hotel?"

life once more, just as you did

was flashed to me." cochere of Annette's beautiful home, where she lived with an old aunt. Silently they entered. Silent, those two who must have had so very much to say to each other. He followed her into a cory little sitting room just back of a formal drawing room and they stood before a cheerful fire blazing comfortably on old brass

"How did I upset your plans this

bly drawn to accept.

There was no mention of her

in the room rang insistently. Annette answered it. And presently she turned back to Bob, both bands out, all the love of her romantic youth warming her shining eyes and crimson lips. "They saw you come home with me-the men at the church-and even if this sermon was-was not as good as yours usually are-O, Bob! We are going to live here after all,"

cleans the cottage, Miss Harding? Well, I clean it myself, every bit of it! and do my own cooking, too! And I dare say that's more than you can do, Mr. Smith," he added, looking up

at the Fortune Hunter. "Oh, I've cooked many a meal in my time," the Fortune Hunter answered, laughing. "And scrubbed the floor of many a shack, too. I remember when I was in 'Frisco-" He broke off, as Anne turned and looked up at him, the color rising to her face.

"Oh, so you have been in 'Frisco, then, after all?" she said

eyes steadily. "I have been in San Francisco half a dozen times." he answered her, "but I have never had the honor of running a gambling saloon there -or of being warned off by the He looked at Fernie with a

steadily into the fire. "Humph! It's queer how tales get about." Fernie said in his

"And circulated a few, I dare all, a stranger must be very wel-

"A nine-days' wonder, in fact, eh?" Fernie said dryly. "Well, you're right there, Mr. Smith; it isn't often anything exciting happens in Somerton. The finding of that man in the woods six

all interested in." Anne shivered. "We shall never know who he was now." she said. Old Fernie rubbed his chin and looked up sidewise at the Fortune about that, Miss Harding," he said. "I've known mysteries solved years and years after most

with and forgotten."

sheltering somewhere," Fernie answered casually. He came back to where she sat and stirred the fire into a brighter blaze.

bit different from what you've been used to, now, I'll be bound. "A good deal better than some,"

he mid, and stopped abruptly. "What are you looking at?" she

know. I appreciate the fact that table. At any rate, you're not

When she opened the package

ary to keep for ever and ever, after this. No pretty little girl The unbelievable happened! Jean found herself surrounded with eligible young men as soon as she had made her first appearance in

own sake. We'll have enough to give mother some of the things "And to send our-our daughters to college," said Jean, tears

cause—because I was silly enough

From Business **SALE**

agined just what was happening;

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